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OFFICE.)

MEANT IN ALL KINDNESS.

But Use of Significant Words Jarred
American Somewhat.

"The different use of the same words in England and America," said the returned tourist, "is sometimes amusing, sometimes bewildering, and occasionally, as I have found it, embarrassing. During my sojourn in the British Isles last summer I found myself one evening in the quaint old town of Warwick, and very much in need of a square meal. Not being familiar with the place, I stepped into a drug store, or chemist's, as they call it, to make inquiries. The proprietor looked me over.

"Well," he said, "if you want hotel fare, go up to the Arms, but if you're looking for a place where a homely man can get his shilling's worth, go right across the street," indicating a little restaurant.

"My good looks are not my strongest point, but I don't know that I ever had their absence so forcibly brought home to me—at least by a stranger. I must have regarded my informant with some interest. 'Thank you,' I said, 'and supposing I were a beauty, where would I go?'

"The English aren't over quick to see a point, and it took him at least half a minute to begin to smile. The relaxation of his countenance ended with a laugh.

"Bless you," he said, "I wasn't referring to your face, but to your tastes. I fancied you were a man who wanted plain food, and plenty of it. Homely here means home-loving, substantial folks."

"So we arrived at a satisfactory understanding, and later, I am glad to say, I had a satisfactory meal. But on thinking it over afterward it impressed itself upon me that my friend the chemist hadn't explicitly denied the construction that I hastily put upon his adjective."

MUSIC AS TOOTHACHE CURE.

It is something new to learn that music has power to soothe a man with the toothache.

Dr. G. Norman Meachen, M. D., said that there was a recorded case where the sufferer from toothache became so interested in a pianoforte solo that he forgot his ailment and became almost lively. The lecturer claimed that music was an important factor in several of the ailments, for instance, insomnia, were several instances on record where sleeplessness had been cured by means of music. In 1896 a little child suffering from insomnia was cured by means of music where all other means had failed.

Continuing, Dr. Meachen said it was chiefly in nervous disorders—mania, melancholia and idiocy—that music was most efficacious, but it had been known to reduce the temperature of a patient suffering from fever. Music had also the power of distracting the attention of the insane.

METHOD IN IT.



The Oldone—Why do you take this awful long walk home every night?
The Youngone—Well, I'm so tired when I reach home that I don't care whether my wife has spoiled the dinner or not.

THE WASTED WITTICISM.

"I always thought," said the hostess, "that Scotchmen were humorous. Last night I showed a departing Scotch guest a great pile of overcoats in the dressing-room.

"Here," I said, with a wave of my hand, 'you are the first to leave. Take your choice.'

"Thank you," said he, as he fumbled searching among them, 'I'll have me own.'

ONTO HIM.

"That was Miss Richley who just passed," said Wise.

"Yes," gasped Forchen-Hunt, "and didn't you notice? She actually cut me! What do you think of that?"

"Well, she's pretty sharp."

THE GOOD CONVERSATIONALIST.

To be a good conversationalist you must be spontaneous, buoyant, natural, sympathetic, and must have a spirit of good will. You must feel the spirit of helpfulness, and must enter heart and soul into the things which interest others. You must get the attention of people and hold it by interesting them, and you can only interest them by a warm sympathy—a real, friendly sympathy. If you are cold, distant and unsympathetic, you cannot get their attention.

To be a good conversationalist you must be broad, tolerant. A narrow, stingy soul never talks well. A man who is always violating your sense of taste, of justice and of fairness never interests you. You lock tight all the approaches to your inner self, every avenue is closed to him, and when they are closed your magnetism and your helpfulness are cut off, and the conversation is perfunctory, mechanical, and without life or feeling.

You must bring your listeners close to you, and must open your heart wide, and exhibit a broad, free nature, and an open mind. You must be responsive, so that a listener will throw wide open every avenue of his nature and give you free access to his heart of hearts.—Success Magazine.

WHERE DOG WAS USEFUL.

The Irishman wanted to sell the dog, but the prospective buyer was suspicious, and finally decided not to buy. The man then told him why he was so anxious to sell. "You see," he said, "I bought the dog and trained him myself. I got him so he'd bark all the time if a person stepped inside the gate, and I thought I was safe from burglars. Then my wife wanted me to train him to carry bundles, and I did. If I put a packet in his mouth the dog would keep it there until some one took it away. Well, one night I woke up and heard some one in the next room. I got up and grabbed my gun. They were there—three of the scoundrels and the dog."

"Didn't he bark?" interrupted the man.
"Sorry a bark; he was too busy."
"Busy? What doing?"
"Carrying a lantern for the burglars."

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.

At evening service in a Richmond church there was a new hymn by the choir. When the congregation had been dismissed the organ blower, a conscientious negro long in the service of the church, sought out a member of the choir, saying:

"How did de new hymn seem to be received dis evening?"

"Very nicely, indeed. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nawthin," replied the colored man. "Only I was a little nervous and worried about it. I never blowed for dat hymn before."

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

St. George was observed to be retiring at full speed.

"What?" gasped the excited multitude; "running away from the dragon?"

"Yes," panted the great man. "I can slay ordinary dragons, but when they have flashing eyes that blind you, shrieks that stun you and odors that suffocate you, it is time to take to the tall timbers."

And St. George just reached the road before another racing automobile shot past and vanished in the gloom.

A THEORY.

"How did the Russian alphabet come to have so many letters?"

"Oh!" answered the man who is never pleased, "I suppose some spelling reformer came along and put a few extra kinks into the alphabet under the impression that he was simplifying it."

THE OLD BEAU'S FAILING.

* Elder—I wonder why Winter is always spoken of as an old man and Spring as a beautiful young girl?

Younger—Well, that's reasonable enough. When Spring comes along with all her finery on, Winter simply becomes "dead gone."

SO RIDICULOUS.

"I understand," said Tess, "that the men among the Quakers always wear their hats in church."

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Jess; "as if anyone could be interested in men's hats."

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